

Rolling Home (John Tams)

1. (Round) goes the wheel of fortune, don't be afraid to ride,

There's a land of milk and honey, waits on the other side.

There'll be peace and there'll be plenty, you'll never need to roam,

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Chorus: Rol - ling home, when we go rol - ling home,

When we go rol - ling, rol - ling, when we go rolling home.

2. And the gentry in their fine - ry do prosper night and morn, while we into the fields must go, to plough
and sow their corn; The rich may steal the power, but the glory's ours alone,

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home. **[CHORUS]**

3. The summer of resentment, the winter of despair, the journey to contentment is set with trap and
snare; Stand true and stand together, your labour is your own,

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home. **[CHORUS]**

Instrumental C / G7 C F G7 C G7 G7 F C C G7 C C G7 C
C C F G7 C F-G7 C-G7 C

4. The frost lies on the hedgerows and the icy winds do blow, While we poor weary labourers strive
through the driving snow. Our dreams fly up to glory up where the larks have flown,

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home. **[CHORUS]**

5. So pass the bottle round and let the toast go free;
Here's a health to every labourer, wherever they may be;

Fair wages now and ever, let's reap what we have sown,

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

[CHORUS] then [Chorus, a capella]



John Tams

